For this foole Gudgin, this Opinion:
Come good *Lorenſo*, fare ye vvell awhile,
Ile end my Exhortation after dinner.

*Loren.* Well, we will leave you then till dinner time.
I muſt be one of theſe ſame dumbe wiſe men,
For *Gratiano* never lets me ſpeake.

*Gra.* Well, keepe me company but two yeares moe,
Thou ſhalt not know the ſound of thine owne tongue.

*Ant.* Fare you well, Ile grow a talker for this geare.

*Gra.* Thanks yfaith, for ſilence is onely commendable
In a neats tongue dried, and a mayd not vendible. *Exeunt.*

*Ant.* It is that any thing now.

*Baſſ.* *Gratiano* ſpeakes an infinite deale of nothing more then any man in all *Venice*; his reaſons are as two graines of wheat hid in two buſhels of chaffe: you ſhal ſeeke all day ere you find them, and when you have them, they are not worth the ſearch.

*Ant.* Well, tell me now vvhat Lady is the ſame,
To whom you ſwore a ſecret pilgrimage,
That you to day promis'd to tell me of.

*Baſſ.* Tis not unknowne to you *Anthonio*,
Hovv much I have diſſabled mine eſtate,
By ſomething ſhovving a more ſwelling port,
Than my faint meanes would grant continuance:
Nor doe I now make moane to be abridg'd
From ſuch a noble rate, but my chiefe care
Is to come fairely off from the great debts,
Wherein my time ſomething too prodigall
Hath left me gag'd: to you *Anthonio*,
I owe the moſt in money and in love,
And from your love I have a vvarrantie
To unburthen all my plots and purpoſes,
Hovv to get cleare of all the debts I owe.

*Ant.* I pray you good *Baſſanio* let me know it,
And if it ſtand as you your ſelfe ſtill doe,
Within the eye of honour, be aſſur'd,
My purſe, my perſon, my extreameſt meanes
Lye all unlockt to your occaſions.

*Baſſ.* In my Schoole daies, when I had loſt one ſhaft,

I ſhot



I ſhot his fellow of the ſelfe ſame
The ſelfe ſame vvay, vvith more a
To find the other forth, and by adv
I oft found both: I urge this chil
Becauſe what followes is pure inn
I owe you much, and like a wilful
That which I owe is loſt; but if yo
To ſhoot another arrow that ſelfe
Which you did ſhoot the firſt, I d
As I will watch the ayme, or to fin
Or bring your latter hazzard back
And thankefully reſt debter for th

*An.* You know me well, and h
To winde about my love with cir
And out of doubt you do me now
In making queſtion of my utterm
Then if you had made vvaſt of all
Then doe but ſay to me vvhat I ſh
That in your knowledge may by
And I am preſt unto it: therefore

*Baſſ.* In *Belmont* is a Lady rich
And ſhe is faire, and fairer then th
Of vvondrous vertues; ſometime
I did receive faire ſpeechleſſe mes
Her name is *Portia*, nothing und
To *Catos* daughter, *Brutus Portia*
Nor is the wide vvorld ignorant
For the foure vvinds blow in fro
Renowned ſutors, and her ſunny
Hang on her temples like a golde
Which makes her ſeat of *Belmon*
And many *Iaſons* come in queſt o
O my *Anthonio*, had I but the m
To hold a rivall place vvith one
I have a minde preſages me ſuch
That I ſhould queſtionleſſe be fo

*Anth.* Thou knowſt that all
Neither have I money, nor com

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